THE EXAMINER.

No. 364. SUNDAY, DEC. 18, 1814.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 354.

ON CERTAIN MISTAKES UNDER WHICH ROYALTY SEEMS TO LABOUR AT PRESENT.

If the Allied Monarchs are misconducting themselves as the delays of the Congress would intimate, and as the occupation of Saxony by Prussia unfortunately seems to confirm, they appear to be under two very great mistakes, which it is an exceeding pity that nobody points out to them:—the first is, as we have before observed, that they enjoy any reputation, as men, but what the direct contrast of their moral conduct with that of BONAPARTE can furnish them;—and the second, that Sovereigns can act now, as they used formerly, upon the mere strength of their being sovereigns,—that they can with impunity undertake to settle the affairs of the world without regard to public opinion,—in short, that Royalty is what it was, three, two, or even one century ago.

With regard indeed to the first of these seeming delusions, it will be clear to every one who presents the Allied Sovereigns to his mind, that there is but one of them in possession of any actual reputation at all, and that even in him it may be done away, or converted into an affectation or a weakness, by inconsistency of conduct. This is the Emperor ALEXANDER, who at present has the credit of possessing a good deal of simplicity of character, and of being at least a modest and well-intentioned man. But in what consists the reputation of the King of PRUSSIA and the Emperor of AUSTRIA? What is their character? Who, in fact, knows any thing about them, except that they were formerly accustomed to be beaten, and that they have now beaten for once in their turn? Indeed not one of the Allied Sovereigns personally can be said to have procured any renown in the late events,—always excepting, be it observed, that general good conduct, the credit of which they now seem inclined to be contradicting. None of them evinced any generalship; none of them opposed talents to those of the enemy; none of them came forward as men of genius in any shape. The world thought them ill-used; it felt ill-used itself; the popular feeling, turning away from the men who had abused it, and who had run into the tyrannical excesses of those that had been compelled to forego them, availed itself of the changes in NAPOLEON's fortune; and Sovereigns were seated securely upon their thrones again in the hope and trust that they would prove themselves enlightened in common with the rest of society, and shew themselves reasonable and grateful.

If the Allied Sovereigns imagine that this was a war for Kings and not for the People, or for the People as only subservient to their former masters, they are egregiously deceived. It was a war influenced, like most others, by a turn of fortune in the first instance, and followed up from a general sense, not of love for them, but of impatience against another;—it was a war to put down the dictation of one man, and not to restore the dictation of many; otherwise, looking upon Europe as a republic, it would have been a struggle to restore anarchy instead of abolishing despotism,—a ridiculous anxiety to be ill-treated by four or five men of no talent, in preference to one man of genius.

But even granting that Kings and Princes were a good deal in the minds of men at this period, and that there was a movement of particular loyalty in their favour, they are still more egregiously deceived, if they imagine that this loyalty is of the old trusting and passive cast, and that Kings and Princes are any such personages as they used to be.

Formerly, we know, sovereign power was a kind of abstract essence,—a godship upon earth,—a closetted thing to worship, like the Grand Lama of Thibet or the *former* Popes of Rome; and Princes could meet, in Fields of Cloth of Gold, like demi-gods condescending to manifest themselves for the settlement of human affairs, while the poor ignorant crowd stood awefully aloof. HENRY the Eighth, to say nothing of his occasionally threatening to hang up a Member of Parliament or so, even changed the religious faith of his subjects as he pleased. His daughter ELIZABETH was worshipped, wherever she turned her eyes, by the genuflexions of the multitude, and had her very dining-table, in her absence, decked by homage-paying earls and kneeling countesses;—and even JAMES her successor, though he thought it necessary, coming from another country, and told perhaps that there was something of romance in the devoirs paid to ELIZABETH, to relax in some of these superstitious observances, was treated as all but a deity by such men as BEN JONSON and BACON, and described, in his last moments, as giving signs of an earnest intercourse between *their Divine and Human Majesties.*

Monarchs may regret the disuse of these lofty absurdities; but they may be assured, they will never be restored, unless some new convulsion of nature takes place, and the world returns to it's old ignorance. Any conduct therefore, pursued in the spirit of such times and such habits, will be regarded as an absurdity by people no longer accustomed to them. The persons and the offices of monarchs are no longer confounded;—they are magistrates,—princes,—hereditary sovereigns, if they please,—and all that is legitimate,—but men also, and no longer gods upon earth.

Alexander and the King of Prussia might have been sufficiently convinced of this, when they were in England the other day, where the people pressed about them, certainly not in the politest manner possible, though with an independence and a cordiality more honourable to the community, and such, it was hoped, as might have been of some service towards the edification of those illustrious persons. The Emperor of Austria indeed kept himself aloof, and was not remarkable, we believe, for his affability at Paris; but it does not appear that any body thinks the better of him on that account. People content themselves with saying that he is a cold, disagreeable sort of gentleman, and does not seem very profound.

We are aware, it is true, that the opinions of every country in Europe are not so rational and complete on this head as those of England; that the Monarchs above-mentioned are still reckoned despotic; and that a variety of princely persons in Germany, still, or at least did a short time since, go to dinner amidst such a flourish of trumpets, as might almost be heard throughout their dominions. But even despotisms, so called, are as different in our days from what they used to be, as the limited monarchies of England and France are from their former arbitrary governments. Let Alexander attempt some of the tricks of the Czar Peter, and who doubts that he would follow the fate of his unhappy father? You might as well set the Emperor of Austria upon imitating Charles the 5th, or encourage Louis the 18th to go into Council booted and spurred as his grandfather did, and threaten the members amidst a flourishing of his whip.

There are two great causes of this important change,—the general progress of knowledge, and the vicissitudes occasioned by the French Revolution.

The first has rendered men more familiar with sovereigns, and with the great altogether, by making them better acquainted with human nature in general, with the proper ends of all government, and with that greatest of social maxims, that the many are of more consequence than the few. It has also brought all classes more on a level by diffusing an equable tone of manners, by putting an end to the distinctions of dress, and by giving an air of the ridiculous to all assumptions of importance not founded on something intrinsic.

The second finished the experience of society in this instance, by throwing the Princes, who had thus grown to be regarded as ordinary human beings, directly among the community at large, first as dethroned princes, then as wanderers, exiles, pensioners,—and lastly, as a set of vassals suffering under the same arbitrary dictation from a new species of despot, as Europe at large. One of the worst mistakes ever made by this despot himself, was his forgetfulness of the times and circumstances that had contributed to his elevation, and his assumption of the regal pride and cant of the oldest legitimate houses. He could not reconcile the old men by this piece of foppery, and he disgusted the better part of the new. He forgot that it was his business to make what he really possessed predominant,—to do that in which others could not imitate *him*; and not to become the ape of their solemn farces.

Unfortunately for the pretensions of royalty, the men who were thus compelled to mingle with the rest of their fellow-creatures, or to become, in some measure or other, dependent on their assistance, were not of a description calculated to excite much admiration. First, there were the French Bourbons, the chief of whom, now Louis the 18th, during his stay in Italy, is described by a late English Nobleman as eating two capons a day and dressing them himself. The fault perhaps was more a disease of the appetite than any thing else; and Louis, we believe, is not an unintelligent or ill-disposed man; but at any rate, the world seems to have found out nothing remarkable in his character; and the rest of his family, generally speaking, were certainly not in repute at any time. Louis the 16th, like his fellow-sufferer Charles the 1st, seems to have been the best of his race. After the French Bourbons, came Ferdinand of Naples, a mere sportsman,—then Gustavus of Sweden, a man set aside for incapacity,—then the Bourbons of Spain, of whom we need not say any thing; and lastly, though not under the same misfortunes, yet in greater contact with the people than formerly, the Allied Monarchs, who, from all that has lately appeared of them, with the exception of some traits on the part of the Emperor Alexander, are at best to be considered as very ordinary persons,—men perhaps of tolerable personal characters, but no farther,—and fit only to walk about like other decent men of the world, with clean shirts on and umbrellas under their arms.

The other royal persons, who are at present in more immediate contact with the community, do not assist to exalt the general impression respecting their class. Those who wander about from necessity, and those who travel for pleasure, seem alike to meet with nothing but a staring indifference. The Bonapartes too, by their temporary occupation of thrones, have given a kind of fortuitous and plebeian air to those "pieces of wood covered with velvet," as Napoleon called them; and the acknowledged talents of the chief of that family have done still worse in forcing people upon unpleasant comparisons, and rendering them in some measure dissatisfied with those, who without at least some kind of intellectual superiority to shew for their right, undertake to occupy thrones after him.

In a word, society, for the last hundred years, particularly the latter part of the period, have looked deeply into the pretensions of Kings and Emperors; and as they have withdrawn from them all the absurd and superstitious part of the worship they used to give them, they will also, if great care be not taken, go still farther; and at least, are not prepared to put up with any gross affronts offered to the common sense of mankind. Bonaparte, we see, who was a man of superior qualities in some respects, could not insult them long with impunity; and how then shall men, who are their superiors in no respect, and who have only

replaced themselves, in a manner, upon the strength of their good intentions, undertake to act like him?

It is mortifying enough to be cheated at all; but to be cheated by those, who are not even clever, is a wound to self-love, which the world, especially in its present feverish state, will most assuredly be too impatient to bear.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, DEC. 8.—Detachments of troops are arriving, within these two days, in all the villages round Paris, to prevent the chance of any disturbance on the part of the recruits now on the point of marching away to join their respective regiments. Rumour here exaggerates the amount of the new levy to 300,000 men, but it does not in reality exceed 80,000, the number already stated.

SPAIN.

MADRID, NOV. 25.—Arrests have recommenced with new activity. For these two nights past a crowd of citizens, selected from the most respectable classes, have been conducted to prison. Among the number are the Count de Cimera, former Director-General of rents; Mr. Garcia, Director of the Philippine Company; Yandiola, Ex-deputy to the Cortes; the husband of the Marchioness of Alcanizes, Grandee of the First Class; the Councillor of State Romanillos, formerly the inseparable friend of Cevallos, &c. There are some well-informed persons who do not scruple to assert, that an order for the arrest of Cevallos was issued the very evening before his appointment to the Ministry. Victory remained with his party, but the struggle was long doubtful. Amidst all these arrests the King enjoys great popularity: he is easy of access to the most indigent, and the populace incessantly proclaim the virtues of their sovereign!!

Nov. 28.—Macanaz, Ex-Minister of State, who has hitherto been kept from communication with or sight of any one, has been condemned to ten years seclusion in the Castle of St. Antoine de la Corogne.—It is said his Majesty frequently goes out disguised and alone, and passes the night in going through the public places. It seems his Majesty would see every thing—a hard task, since domestic and public assemblies have every where ceased. But though peaceable men cannot meet for fear of creating suspicion, robbers multiply in spite of the vigilance of the police. No one can go out after dark without danger.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

About nine o'clock in the evening of Wednesday week, as Mr. Thomas James, Mr. Richard Kempe, and the son of the latter, were returning to Flushing (near Falmouth), in a small boat, from St. Mawes, where they had been spending the day, they were pursued by another boat, with four men, which they had seen putting off from the shore, although unconscious of their object. The pursuers hailed them, but before they had time to reply, a musket or blunderbuss was discharged into their boat, and the other was instantly alongside. Mr. Kempe, sen. asked, what they meant by firing without giving them time to answer their hail? when one of the persons in the large boat stood up and said, "my name is Painter—I am a Custom-house officer, and had a right to bring you to."—They proceeded to search their boat, in which, however, they only found some pilchards. The Custom-house officers then rowed off.—During the above conversation and search, James remained sitting up in the boat, without feeling himself wounded, but soon after he said to Kempe, that he feared the cartridge (for they had no idea of a shot having been fired) had injured him, and he fell in a state of insensibility in the boat. On examination, it was found that a ball had entered his left side, below the ribs, and gone out in an oblique direction at the back. Kempe called to the persons who had just left him, and told them they had wounded a man, but they paid no attention to him, although they must have heard him, the distance between them being very little. James was conveyed to his home, where he languished about 12 hours in great agony, when he expired.—Two of the party, named Carne and Odgers, are in custody: Painter and another have escaped, but strict search is making after them.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Dec. 13, 1814.

Rear-Admiral Griffith has transmitted a letter from Captain Sir George Collier, of his Majesty's ship Leander, giving an account of his having, on the 8th of last month, captured, off Cape Sable, the American privateer schooner General Putnam, of eight guns and fifty-seven men. Her guns were thrown overboard during this and a former chase, the vessel having been pursued by eleven different cruizers previously to her being fallen in with by the Leander.

And also a letter from Capt. Stanfell, of his Majesty's ship Bacchante, reporting his having, on the 1st of November, taken the American brig privateer M'Donough, of five guns and 71 men, and 24 hours from Portsmouth.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

A. W. Bellairs, C. C. E. Welby, and G. Bellairs, of Leicester, bankers.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Swallow, Bix, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer. Attornies, Messrs. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-Inn.

D. Pitt, Fenchurch-street, hosier. Attorney, Mr. Noy, Mincing-lane.

G. Grimes, Burton-crescent, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Martindale, Gray's-Inn.

A. Newman, Woodstock, shopkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Ballachey and Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton-street.

P. Povey, Chester, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Faulkner, Chester.

W. Dillicar, Pickering, horse-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Hicks, Gray's-Inn.

T. Spicer, Weeden Beck, shopkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Frowd and Rose, Lincoln's-Inn.

R. Baxter, Talbot-Inn-yard, Borough, iron-monger. Attorney, Mr. Humphreys, Barnard's-Inn.

E. Glover, jun. Bitteswell, Leicestershire, horse-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Grey, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.

J. Brown, Sandford, Devonshire, farmer. Attornies, Messrs. Austice and Wright, Inner-Temple.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

S. Chandley, Eichells, Chester, cotton-manufacturer.

BANKRUPTS.

T. Hobson, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, shopkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Walker, Spilsby.

W. W. Young, Newton-Nottage, Glamorganshire, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Martin, Bristol.

R. Hibbert, Wigan, Lancashire, reed-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Baron and Ditchfield, Wigan.

S. Halsted, Horsham, Sussex, draper. Attorney, Mr. Richardson, Clement's Inn.

J. Wildsmith, Castle-street, Long-acre, cabinet-brass-founder. Attornies, Messrs. Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.

J. Stacey, Portchester, Southampton, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Paddon, Fareham.
J. Morris, Unsworth, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Attornies, Messrs. Hewitt and Kirk, Manchester.
J. Shuttleworth, Copthall-court, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Bennett and Co. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
E. Osborne, Falmouth, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Young, Falmouth.
T. Shands, Providence-row, Old-street, baker. Attorney, Mr. Millard, Cordwainers' Hall, Great Distaff-lane.
J. Dowdall, Dartmouth-street, Westminster, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Veal, Abingdon-street, Westminster.
Z. Keppell, Alford, Surrey, builder. Attornies, Messrs. Palmer and France, Bedford-row.
E. M. Tanner, Hart-street, Mark-lane, ship agent. Attorney, Mr. Partridge, Blackman-street.
W. Groundy, Lower Shadwell, rope-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Blunt and Co. Old Bethlem, Old Broad-street.

Miss O'NEILL in *Mrs. Beverley*, and Miss WALSTEIN's *Letitia Hardy*, next Sunday.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.
3 per Cent. Cons..... shut | Omnium ..... 1¾ dis.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DECEMBER 18.

NOTHING further is heard of the actual designs of the Congress; but it is confidently asserted by the *Morning Chronicle*, and feebly contradicted by other papers, that the Emperor ALEXANDER had announced his resolution to take leave of that assembly and it's proceedings, and to erect Poland at once into a Kingdom under a Russian Sovereign. Lord CASTLEREAGH is said by the same paper to have proposed, what we can scarcely credit, a *fresh* partition of that injured country, in order to quiet the minds of the people, by shewing them all prospect of independence was cut off for ever! It would seem by this, and indeed by appearances altogether, that the German Sovereigns still wished to keep their infamous acquisitions in that quarter; but to this, it appears, ALEXANDER will not consent: and there can be no doubt, that even if he assumes the Polish diadem himself, the Poles would be much more happy, provided their kingdom has any sort of integrity and independence. The conferring the Crown on a Prince of his family would, no doubt, be much better, for, as a Foreign Journal agrees with us, the Crown would inevitably become Polish in the course of a generation or two. The best of all, however, would be the election of a native Pole to the sovereignty; but this, we fear, is too much to expect of a Sovereign who has been whetting his appetite for dominion over the bills of fare at Vienna. As to the danger to be apprehended from the comparative weakness of a kingdom like that of Poland by the side of Russia, it is the merest cant in the world, especially from the men who are at the very moment contemplating the annexations of Saxony and Italy. They tell us, that Russia could overwhelm Poland whenever she pleased, or could at least dictate what she chose to her, and render her subservient to alarming views upon the rest of Europe;—but what? Have these men, in their own dreams of licentious power, forgotten every thing in the shape of alliances, and confederacies, and all that enables weak states to exist in the neighbourhood of other strong ones? Would they falsify history as well as morality, and prove to us that there have been no such flourishing states in existence, as those of Holland, Venice, and Switzerland?

It is curious to see how readily the overturners of BONAPARTE can adopt his sophistications now that they are inclined to mimic his ambition. The German papers abound with all sorts of expediencies, according as this or that violation of justice is to be defended; the *Times* of yesterday had an article in pretty extenuation of the views on Saxony, just such as the *Moniteur* might have written on the first announcement of one of BONAPARTE's designs; and all the politicians, who a few months ago were for fixing their eyes on nothing but abstract justice and positive right, and asking us whether Kings and nations were to be disposed of at pleasure for what any scoundrel chose to call his great views, are now smoothing their tones and putting on their compassionate smiles, like men of the world, and telling us that we must look at things reasonably, that "general expediency must be consulted, even at the expense of *partial* dissatisfaction," and that "many instances exist on record, in which nations have shewn themselves strongly repugnant to that which their posterity have found most conducive to their happiness." The said nations, it follows, ought to submit to the dictation of any robust person, who thinks himself wiser than they; and Saxony, Italy, &c. will do well not to bring themselves into disgrace with their posterity by refusing to fall down at the feet of these powerful, and at the same time profound persons, the King of PRUSSIA and the AUSTRIAN EMPEROR. But granted, that nations sometimes shew themselves repugnant to what pleases their posterity, what then? The reverse is quite as true; and this is one of those general assumptions of expediency, which any political knave may use for any purpose. We know very well that in this world, by the wise contrivance of a Providence who has seemingly stubborn materials to act with, good is continually brought out of evil itself; but is that any argument for our voluntarily going about to do wrong? Does the end, in short, sanctify the means? If it does, farewell to all immediate principle; and let every vain or cunning Potentate, who affects to pierce into futurity, knock us about as he pleases. The truth is, there are certain principles of justice common to all civilized society, without which it would become a chaos, and which nobody has a right to violate, whatever bright object he may propose to himself as the result:—he may do partial good things in the end by the violation; but he also prepares a contradiction to that very good, and sets up an example to the detriment of honesty and the world in general, by doing worse things in the outset. It was upon these grounds, that honest and consistent men opposed the designs of BONAPARTE; the wretched time-

servers, of whom we speak, pretended then to oppose him on the same grounds also; but now they are at once proving their own hollowness and defending his.

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The publication of the *Journal de Paris*, in consequence of a misrepresentation in that paper of a speech made in the Chamber of Peers relative to the emigrants, was suspended for several days; and this too but a very short time after some of the Parisian Editors were endeavouring to persuade the world that they were perfectly independent of the Government! an assertion which is so admirably supported by the arbitrary condemnation of one of their brethren, and the suspension of his Journal, without trial or inquiry!

Sir George Murray left town on Thursday, for Portsmouth, to proceed to Canada; he is not going out, as has been erroneously represented in the papers, to supersede Sir G. Prevost, being only a Major-General, and junior to several General Officers serving in the Canadas.

The *Morning Post* of Tuesday states, on the authority of a Gentleman from Paris, that assassinations are nightly committed in that city—that the Duke of Wellington, from having high words at Marshal Macdonald's, had been challenged by that person—and that Lady Rosebery had been brought nearly drowned to the Hotel D'Artois.

Mr. Canning arrived at Lisbon on the 28th ult. and not finding a convenient residence ready for his reception, he returned on board the Leviathan, where it was understood he intended to remain till his furniture arrived from England.

It is said the widow of the unfortunate Prime Minister, Mrs. Perceval, will shortly be led to the Hymeneal Altar by Colonel Carr.

Lady Rosebery is said to be only 24 years of age—Lord R. 31, and Sir H. Mildmay, 27.

Increase of the American Navy.—At Portsmouth (New Hampshire), the United States ship Independence is nearly ready for sea. She is rated 78, and mounts 98 guns—42-pounders on her lower-deck, 42s on her main-deck, 32s and 68s carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle, with a complement of 1000 men; Commodore Rodgers is to command her.—At Philadelphia, the Guerriere, a new frigate, is nearly ready for sea. She mounts 64 guns, 32-pounders on her main-deck, 42-pounders on her quarter-deck, and a 68-pounder on each of her gangways; with a complement of 640 men.—At Boston, the Constitution is ready for sea; and the Washington, of 90 guns, is fitting for sea very fast.—At New York, the President is ready for sea, and report says she has since sailed for the East Indies.—At New London, the United States and Macedonian frigates are dismantled, and the Hornet sloop is ready for sea.

The Lord Mayor has ordered the price of bread to be reduced 3*d.* in the peck loaf. The quartern loaf of wheaten is now sold at 11½*d.* and 10½*d.* household.

Devils preferred to Saints.—[From an old M.S.]—A farmer rented a grange haunted by fairies for a great rent, which hee paid every halfe yeare. One asking him how he durst be so bold to live in that place, and whether hee saw none? "Noe," saith the farmer; "there bee two saints in heaven trouble me more than all the divells in hell, namely, St. Mary and St. Michael, which bee my rent days."

Lord Frankfort succeeded in putting an end to his existence, at his son's rooms, in Trinity College, Dublin, by firing a pistol through his mouth, about ten minutes before three o'clock on Friday week. The explosion of the pistol was so loud that it is presumed it must have been a double charge. The high sentiments which always distinguished the mind and feelings of this nobleman, coupled with the late calamity of the failure of the Bank, have doubtless hurried him to this act of desperation. Lord Frankfort has for some months spent the greater part of his time in his son's rooms in College. He was observed several times on Friday by some of the Students, and displayed nothing particular in his manner or appearance, with the exception of a general dejection and melancholy which has characterized him since his late misfortunes. When he perpetrated this act of desperation, he was sitting alone in his son's chamber by the fire-side. He expired nearly instanter, for when some persons procured admission into the room in a few minutes, there was no sign of animation.—*Sentinel.*

Lately, at Islington, a person, dressed like a gentleman, called at a house, and inquired if any of the lodgers were at home; being answered in the negative, he very deliberately walked into the back parlour, when the lady of the house followed him; he asked again if any of the servants were in the way; the lady replied that she was the only person in the house. He then jumped up from the chair, and placing her in it, he said he only wanted to find her alone, and at the same time presented a pistol to her breast, and swore he would blow her brains out, if she made any noise. The lady fainted, and when she awoke found the man was gone, taking with him a silver watch, a gold ring, three pounds in notes, and some other small articles, altogether about the value of 8*l.*—*Morn. Chronicle.*

T. T. a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, concludes a letter to the Editor on the subject of Prostitution, in the following judicious manner:—"Again I must repeat, that the mass of evil is great, but that to attempt empirically to lessen its consequences while the causes remain unabated, is to make an experiment which will certainly terminate in disappointment; the remedy must be sought where it only can be found, in removing the many and serious obstacles to marriage which now abound, in restoring women to their privileged employments, of which they have been dispossessed by men music teachers, men dancing masters, men stay-makers, men-milliners, and men-midwives—in the exertions of the better classes of their own sex, to give virtuous examples to their inferiors, and to cloath their servants not in their last gowns, which are constructed to shew the back and the bosom to such meretricious advantage, but in garments appropriate to their station in life; perhaps a young lady dressing for a ball, calling forth all her charms, and marshalling them for conquests, may be unconsciously raising the vanity of her waiting maid, and breaking down those bulwarks which prudence had raised against the seducer. I could proceed much further on the subject, but shall content myself for the present by remarking, that reformation, to be effectual, must be *generally* diffused, and that the *higher* as well as the *lower* classes, must be subjected to its sway; the convenient doctrine, that vice loses its venom in proportion as it becomes refined, is as false as it is pernicious—the most deadly poisons are those which are most highly elaborated; and it has not unfrequently happened, that he who spurned the favours of a prostitute, has petitioned for those of the wife of his friend."

Beer.—Mr. Gifford, at a late meeting of the quarter-assembly at Dublin, on the subject of the high price of beer, said, "But as to the brewers, it is nothing to them the price of barley or hops, nor can it effect any reduction in the price of malt liquor; for gentlemen, I tell you they never use a grain of it.—*(A laugh)*.—No, gentlemen, they go to every quarter of the globe in search of materials, sooner than use your barley; they go to the East Indies for the *Cocculus Indicus*; they go to Spain for whole cargoes of liquorice; they sail to South America and the Wes Indies, and come home laden with tobacco; in short, gentlemen, they use every poisonous vegetable to stupify and intoxicate their customers; they search your hedges for henbane, and the deadly night shade, the berries of which are so commonly met with on the road side, all sooner than use malt or hops; and this liquid, obtained from those noxious and poisonous plants, they proclaim to the world as a wholesome beverage. I remember the time when they used opium in such large quantities, that the price of that article arose to no less than 4*l*. 10*s*. sterling per pound, which was about two-pence the grain; they were consequently obliged to drop that article, as it became too dear for them to intoxicate their customers with."

SONNET TO HAMPSTEAD.

IV.

Winter has reach'd thee once again at last;
And now the rambler, whom thy groves yet please,
Feels on his housewarm lips the thin air freeze;
While in his shrugging neck the resolute blast
Comes edging; and the leaves, in heaps down cast,
He shuffles with his hastening foot, and sees
The cold sky whitening through the wiry trees,
And sighs to think his loitering noons have pass'd.

And do I love thee less to paint thee so?
No; this the season is of beauty still
Doubled at heart;—of smoke with whirling glee
Uptumbling ever from the blaze below,—
And home remember'd most,—and oh, lov'd Hill,
The second, and the last, away from thee.

Surrey Jail, *Nov.* 1814.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir,—To relieve your Correspondent, whose orthodoxy is alarmed at the idea of there being a Confessor to the Household at St. James's, I beg leave through your Paper to assure him, that the Rev. Dr. Henry Fly does not consider himself burthened with the *task* of hearing the sins, enjoining penance, or granting absolution to the *whole Household*; for he only designates himself as "*The Confessor to the Maids of Honour at St. James's.*" Whether that office has become a sinecure I cannot determine, but by virtue of it he has obtained an exemption from residence on two benefices in the city of London for some years. I think your Correspondent will perceive from this account which the Reverend Gentleman has given of his office, that a removal of him to Carlton-House would not make it of an active nature, supposing he could act as Confessor, as I do not recollect any appointment of *Maids of Honour* to the Princes having taken place.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. Wright,

Dec. 10, 1814. 6, Bridge-court, Westminster.

COMMODORE OWEN.

Mr. Examiner,—It is not unworthy remark, that Commodore Owen, than whom a more distinguished Officer, for professional skill, bravery, and perseverance, the entire British Navy does not produce, scarcely ever, if at all, inflicts corporal punishments. This circumstance was remarked also in the lamented Lord Nelson, and in various others of our most transcendant naval characters: there cannot exist stronger proofs than those exhibited by such high and respectable ornaments of their country, viz. that a system of *terror* is not the most eligible to command success, besides its being utterly dissonant with the age in which we live.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Dec. 7, 1814. Amor Patriæ.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 184.

DRURY-LANE.

We notice the After-piece of the *Ninth Statue* merely as an occasion of making a few remarks on a subject which has often considerably annoyed us,—we mean, the manner in which females are treated on the stage. We are not such Vandals or Puritans as to wish to rob the Theatre of its chief interest and beauty, the assistance of women performers; but we do hold it very "stuff o' the conscience," that the Ladies, who thus come forward to contribute to our entertainment, should be subjected to humiliations which degrade at once their sex and their understanding. We are not surprised that a good actress so seldom appears: painful indeed must it be to any woman of cultivated mind and delicate feelings, to be night after night the gaze of a miscellaneous mob, to be kissed by an apprentice from Whitechapel, or to have her form criticised limb by limb by a gloating libertine from St. James's. Powerful talent, however, and dignified manners will be able to overcome these disadvantages, and to preserve to the actress the respect as well as admiration of her audience. Much however will even then depend on the class of characters which she personates: she must not be thrust into parts where to clasp and be clasped, to kiss and be kissed, seems the chief business of the evening; her acting in such case may be the most consummate, and the most natural, as the phrase is—but farewell all respect! for who can feel esteem for a woman who, perhaps, three times a week, is embraced by the arms of three different men, who is handled and kissed before a thousand of spectators, in a way which would be reckoned outrageously indecent between man and wife, even in a party of their nearest friends. It is not for the sake of public morals that we make this protest, for we suspect that the influence of the stage is almost infinitely small on this score; but we protest, in the name of female delicacy, which we cannot bear to see perpetually and foully wounded. The condition of women is, in all branches of society, sufficiently pitiable, educated as they are solely for pleasure, and contemptuously nourished with flattery instead of truth. Even the wise and good among men, notwithstanding all their contrary professions, consider them either as charming playthings or beautiful exhibitions: our very indulgences imply an insulting superiority, and our love itself is not unmixed with ideas of their imbecility. Nay, perhaps, this very appeal, which we are now making in their behalf, may be construed into a presumptuous ostentation of protection exercised towards an inferior class of creatures. We are utterly unconscious of such a feeling: we not only look upon women as decidedly this most loveable part of creation, but we

are perfectly assured that in the daily duties of social life they display qualities more useful and more estimable than those of the best men: they are less shaken by calamity, they are more constant in their regards, they are more firm to their principles, having more taste for virtue and infinitely less disturbance from passion: their kindness is an instinct ever fresh as nature itself, and their magnanimity of devotedness is as regular as it is certain. Now is it right, is it fitting that such beings should be compelled to situations which must eventually destroy all traces of that estimation for them, which is naturally their due. We have been led to make these observations from witnessing the merciless manner in which the Manager of Drury-Lane has lately assaulted the delicacy of Miss KELLY. It seems to have been the particular object of the pantomime and farce-makers to contrive to put her continually in such situations as a woman of intelligent feeling must shrink from with shuddering abhorrence; but the *Ninth Statue* has furnished the very climax of outrage. First, she is a lady in a Sultan's seraglio—then she runs all over the world with the said Sultan, in the disguise of his page—then she is thrust up through a trap-door and stuck on a pedestal—then she is lifted from the said pedestal by the arm of the Sultan, flung round her waist—then she is carried along on his shoulder, like a murdered stag round the neck of a deer-stealer—then she is heaved on the ground, like the sack of a miller; then the said Sultan pulls about one arm, then another, then twists her round like a tetotum, and at last takes manual possession of her whole person. We know Miss KELLY to be a woman of talent—we firmly believe her to be possessed of considerable sensibility; how then does the Manager deserve to be reprobated who can so expose a respectable actress, thus lacerating her feelings, and violating, in her person, that delicacy which is the greatest female charm. We can conceive Miss KELLY, after such an exhibition, rushing to her room, and reluctant to lift up her eyes even to hail her nearest friends. Such, at least, would be the feeling of a woman of pure mind, and we have no doubt that she is such a woman; if it be otherwise it is not our fault, but hers. At any rate, our general argument will remain unshaken.

PROPERTY TAX—FAITH OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. EXAMINER,—Not a day passes but we are told in some or one of the Public Journals that "*The Faith of Parliament*" is pledged to the discontinuance of the Property Tax after the 6th day of April next; this, Sir, is undoubtedly true, as by reference to the Statute of the 46th of the present King, cap. 65, sect. 227, will appear. Notwithstanding this, I would advise the sticklers for *Parliament keeping it's Faith*, (and who are probably a majority of this thinking nation, and also advocates for the war with America) not to be too sanguine in their expectations, lest their disappointment should be the more severe. We live, Sir, in an age and a country of *precedent*, every thing is governed by it, as well in Parliament as in our Courts of Law, and I shall be very much mistaken in my opinion, Sir, if we shall not be as much indebted to *precedent* for the continuance of the Tax, (if the Administration should be bold enough to continue it) as to the absolute necessity which, with plausibility, will be urged for it in order to enable the Government to *persevere* in the war against America; nor let the loyal and patient people of England vainly imagine that a *precedent*, even in the annals of Parliament, to justify the measure (in the estimation of arbitrary Ministers and corrupt Majorities at least) is wanting; for be it known to them, and let them lay the flattering unction to their souls, that by the Statute of 5th William and Mary (*our great and glorious deliverers!*) cap. 21, being the first Stamp Act passed in England, the duties thereby imposed were to continue for *four* years only from the 28th of June, 1694: instead, however, of being permitted to cease at that time, according to *the faith of Parliament*, they have been from thence hitherto not only continued, but progressively increased by subsequent Acts of *faithful Parliaments*, until they have reached their present enormous and tremendous amount. By the said Statute of William and Mary, the duty charged upon a deed was *sixpence*, it is now *one pound and ten shillings*, with a restriction as to the quantity of words to be contained in the instrument, to thirty common law folios or thirty times seventy-two words; if it exceeds that quantity every additional fifteen folios pays one pound more, and all this, exclusive of the further enormous *ad valorem* Stamp Duty on the purchase-money, on the conveyances of real and personal estates imposed by the Statute 48th Geo. III. cap. 149, which begins with fifteen shillings and increases gradatim to 1*l.* 1*l.* 10*s.* 2*l.* 10*s.* 5*l.* 7*l.* 10*s.* 10*l.* 20*l.* 30*l.* 40*l.* 50*l.* 75*l.* 100*l.* 150*l.* 200*l.* 300*l.* 400*l.*—and lastly to 500*l.*! So much for *the Faith of Parliament!!!*—I am, Sir, your Constant Reader,

Temple, December 15, 1814. CAUSIDICUS.

SALE BY AUCTION.

On the 1st of April next, unless previously disposed of by private contract, will be sold by auction, all the valuable and splendid STOCK IN TRADE of MRS. JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, declining business and retiring. Among the rare Assemblage will be found the following choice articles:—

1. A superb Manger, fitted up as a Child's Crib, decorated with infinite taste, and made of the most costly materials, by Seddons and Co. with its draperies, hangings, &c. &c. as originally intended for a young Saviour.

2. A resplendent Apollo Wig, for ditto, of a bright flaxen colour, and glorious to behold, made by an eminent Artist at Dockhead.

3. Many dozens of damask and diaper Napkins, curiously worked; some of them, designed for solemn occasions, marked in the centre with an "S," in gold characters, and otherwise figured with golden hues: all water proof.

4. A costly Mohair Mantle, a purple Robe, divers rich Frocks, Bibs, Caps, &c.

5. A magnificent gold Caudle Cup, ditto Pap-boat, and Spoons, with a complete set of matchless China Caudle Cups, &c. &c.

6. Several thousand Busks, and divers Pound and Plum Cakes, designed for the gratification of the Elect, on holy days.

7. Many dozens of rich Wines, for ditto; samples of which may be tasted on being paid for.

8. A matchless Child's Coral, with golden Bells, of a most heavenly sound.

9. Fourteen brilliant Diamond and other Rings, lately presented to and worn by Mrs. Southcott; some with curious devices and pious mottos from Scripture.

10. Several unrivalled Paintings, representing *Abraham delivering up his Wife to Abimelech as his Sister*,—*Lot and his Daughters*,—*Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*,—*David viewing Bathsheba*,—*Susanna attacked by the Elders*; and others from subjects equally edifying and "sacred."

11. Many thousand Seals, and also many thousand copies of Mrs. Southcott's inspired Writings; consisting chiefly of Visions, Prophecies, and Holy Rhapsodies—all equal, in the opinion of Mr. Sharp, Dr. Tozer, and other eminent judges, to any things of the like kind to be found in the Revelations of St. John the Divine.

12. A docile, handsome, and vigorous Ass (Jack) designed for the flight into Devonshire.

13. Six comely ditto (Jennies) kept for the consolation of said Jack, as well as to supply milk for Believers.

And many other most valuable and curious articles, too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but well worthy the attention of the serious public.

Further particulars, with Catalogues and Conditions of Sale, will be shortly issued; and may be then had at the Baptist Head, Devil, Crown and Mitre, and Chapter Coffee-houses, London: also at the Angel, Taunton; Bishop, Lincoln; Pedant, Salisbury; Old Woman, Canterbury; Sly-boots, Llandaff; Courtier, Durham; and on the premises of Mrs. Joanna Southcott, where all the curious and valuable articles may be viewed, by permission of the owner.

CASES OF DISTRESS.

Mr. Examiner,—The case of Mr. Barnes and family justly excited so much sympathy, that a subscription was made for them. Many equally distressing cases are almost daily advertised, without attracting the least notice. The writer of this, who frequently inquires into such cases (and never met with an imposture but once), has witnessed scenes of distress, which beggar description. Sometimes an infirm and aged person had parted with almost their last garment to pay for an advertisement, which had produced nothing, and most frequently the distress was occasioned by long sickness of the father of a family, or want of success in business, from unavoidable causes. Many persons are unwilling to make their distresses known till reduced to the last extremity, and would rather almost perish than submit to go to a poor-house, and subject their children to be bound as parish apprentices,—a situation which exposes them frequently to the most cruel treatment:—*severe* examples ought to be made of those who barbarously treat their apprentices. A fellow lately tied a poor boy to a horse's leg in a field, and was only imprisoned one month! and another, almost deprived a girl of her life by beating and starving, and was only fined five pounds! It is necessary to bring objects of distress before their eyes, to excite the feelings of the generality of people—they can hear, or read of misery with great indifference; but few could *behold* a poor man on such a bed, surrounded by his children crying for bread, without being moved to compassion. The following cases have been lately investigated, and are earnestly recommended to [illegible] of the public at this season of charitable [illegible] at the following places:—A deplo[illegible] sickness, at No. 23, Baker-street; Another at [illegible]3, Henrietta-street, [illegible]r man and family, 8, Bruton-street. Another, 297, Strand. A deserted wife with a large family, at Mr. Demacy's, Cabinet-maker, Duke-street, St. James's. A blind and sick woman, 392, Oxford-street. A poor couple, ruined by Whitehead's Bankruptcy, at Mr. Stockdale's, Pall mall. A poor Lady, at Mr. Gosling's Bank. A sick man, in debt, with a large family, at Mr. Lock's, Oilman, Great Smith-street, Westminster. Another, at Mr. Henderson's, Palace-yard, with twelve children. A poor man, who was a lunatic, from extremity of distress, at Moon and Buckland's, New Bond-street. A poor widow, Market-street East, St. James's market, No. 5. A poor Irish woman, and insane son, Mr. Riebau's, Blandford-street. At Mr. Chapple's, Pall-mall, the four orphan children of a respectable person, who lately sunk under *extreme want*: this unfortunate person advertised his sick and distressed situation, but obtained little or no relief. At Mr. Hodgson's, corner of Wimpole-street, a poor widow, with eight children, *totally destitute*.

Benevolus.

TWO-PENNY POST OFFICE.

Mr. Examiner,—Several Packets of Letters were put into the Two-penny Post Office in Gerrard-street, to be thus forwarded to me at Carshalton, which is expressly stated in their Regulations to be within their delivery; and instead of being charged three pence, I had to pay three shillings. On enquiry, I was told, "that *it was their rule*, in the case of all Letters and Packets put into the Two-penny Post Office between three and six o'clock, for certain places within their limits, to send them by the General Post!"

Query, for their High Mightinesses at the Post Office:—Is it for the purpose of deceiving the Public, their unwary subjects, that this their Royal will and pleasure is concealed from them—while to decoy them into their web, they affect to publish Regulations, in which this and probably other "Rules" are carefully suppressed?

Query, for the Lawyers:—The Two-penny Post Office, by their Regulations, engaging to deliver Letters, not exceeding four ounces, at Carshalton for three pence, would not the person to whom the Letter was addressed, be justified in refusing to pay more than that sum?—I am, Sir,

An Enemy to Swindling.

8th December, 1814.

BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Mr. Examiner,—Will you, through the medium of the *Examiner*, caution those parents who have children at schools under the stipulation of giving three months notice previous to the removal of the child, or three months pay,—to be particular in giving such notice in due time, and so as to be able to prove it? To the credit of the profession, it is believed there are but very few who would take advantage of such want of caution; but the writer has found there are those that will.

It is high time that parents generally set their faces against this stipulation,—by refusing to place their children at schools where it is insisted on;—it is unjust to the parent, and cruel to the child. If parents knew what many children suffer during their painful three months of notice,—and how much they dread it,—they would, in most cases, rather pay the fine than subject their children to the

consequences of the notice. "If the sin of the parent is not visited on them by unkind treatment and short commons, they are certain of being neglected during these three months in their education, the teachers considering they have no further interest in their improvement.

There is another reason for resisting this stipulation which is so binding on the parents, that no circumstances of neglect or ill usage of the child can justify a sudden removal: the three months must be paid, if insisted on.—I am, Sir, A Father.

ARE THE ENGLISH A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

Mr. Examiner,—I shall neither insult your readers nor waste the valuable room of your paper with an answer in detail to *Mr. Minim's* "last words." His astonishing assurance in maintaining that he quoted me accurately, and the semblance of integrity which he assumes in advising your readers to compare my * first letter with his † quotation, have ere this led to *his* conviction. I am sorry to observe the language which has escaped him: "Thousands possessing your paper," says *Minim*, "must have it in their power to give him what decorum forbids me to name." It convinces me either that he is of a "*physical*" temperament extremely irritable and impatient of contradiction, or that the letter must have been written to you, Sir, from that part of Marylebone proximate to St. Giles's.

I must however notice a few points in the letter of this *hollow headed Minim*, merely to show him, that when the vanity of a man's brain is brim full, his wits will always run over.

And, first, let him be assured that his ingenuity in conjuring up *Shadow* is not of more avail to him than his misquotation already alluded to, "Come like Shadows, so depart." Indeed, Sir, if one may judge of his powers by the specimens with which he has hitherto favoured us, you must be well aware that one decent sort of head is more than sufficient for completely refuting the dicta of his inflated epistles. Had I been aware of the easy task of silencing his arguments as he calls them, I might perhaps have put him into the hands of some *inferior Spirit* for payment.

In the next place, (perhaps *Mark Minim* will say, "in a spirit of childish contradiction") I deny that in Italy and France "almost every gentleman can converse with you" more "rationally and intelligibly on the subject of Music" than almost every gentleman in this country: and from the intercourse I have had with my brother Spirits of Germany, I do not think better of them; I speak, Sir, from much experience.—In this Island, however, it appears that "*the well informed* discourse ably on matters of high import;" I should be thankful to have information of that country where "*the well informed*" do not "discourse ably" on these matters. Pray, *Mr. Minim*, how many can you produce from a hundred of our countrymen, indifferently chosen, who shall be able to discourse on Painting, without uttering nonsense in the proportion you have named; and yet you seem to think we are a nation of Painters.

Thirdly, The Operas, which he says have supplanted those of Mozart, are, I allow, too miserable to be borne without a murmur, but herein "the patient will soon minister to himself." The public, I venture to assert, will not long put up with the continuation of such flimsy trash; neither has their run been yet sufficiently extended to justify the wise conclusions whereby he has placed me in so fatal a predicament as he seems to imagine.

Curiosity might, it is true, have been excited by the truly celebrated name of Mozart; but how can *Minim* account for the enthusiasm wherewith the overture to Zauberflote was received, and encored from the top to the bottom of the house.

In the next place, as it is impossible to reason with *Minim* on the subject of temperaments, or to treat this part of the subject seriously, while he is under his present delusion, he shall be accommodated; and I will attribute the superiority of the Germans, for which he is so great a stickler, to the huge quantity of * hams and † sausages which they devour. Let me advise him to try the experiment, and swallow a German sausage every morning for breakfast, in order to improve his musical taste.—Erasmus mentions a man, one Philario, who, while in Holland, and there afflicted with the worms, spoke the Dutch language with fluency; but getting cured of his disorder, the Dutch worms and the Dutch language left Philario together.—I would, moreover, advise *Mark Minim*, after reading your next Sunday's paper, to perform a pilgrimage to some one of the German Chapels in this metropolis, for the purpose of hearing a specimen of their Psalmody: it will be as good a soporific as his last letter. If he wishes to "heighten his devotion," he may find the Psalmody of our Established Church much more effectual.

Lastly, Mr. Examiner, I think it must be evident to any one at all acquainted with the subject, that *Mr. Minim* knows quite as little of Madrigal Music as he did till I taught him of the compositions of Samuel Wesley. I would not have noticed this part of his letter, but that the great injustice he does our Composers, in supposing they have neither learning nor inclination for this species, should not be passed over in silence. On the occasion to which I alluded in my last, there were 14 or 15 compositions of this sort by some of our first Professors, all indicating considerable learning: the inclination is sufficiently apparent.

The purpose for which I deemed it expedient to revisit the earth being now accomplished, I trust *Mr. Minim* will allow me to retire quietly to my peaceful shades. Should he, however, be incautious enough to repeat the use of that weapon, which he wields with so little skill and dexterity, he will again find, as I at first forboded, that talents, far different from those whereof he is possessed, are necessary for laying

Stamford-street, Oct. 22. Talis's Ghost.

* In the *Examiner* of August 21.

† In the *Examiner* of September 11.

CITY.

On Tuesday, a meeting of the Livery in Common Hall took place, to petition against a continuation of the Property Tax.—Speeches were made by Mr. Waithman, Mr. Favell, Mr. Hunt (of Bristol) Sir Wm. Curtis, and others. Mr. Waithman's sensible observations were much applauded; so were Mr. Favell's; Mr. Hunt was occasionally hissed, and Sir William occasionally laughed at. The following Resolutions were carried by acclamation:—

"Resolved unanimously—That this Common Hall has reason to believe that it is in contemplation to propose a continuance or modification of the Tax upon Income, commonly called the Property Tax, notwithstanding the solemn Acts of the Legislature, and the repeated pledges of his Majesty's Ministers, that the said Tax should cease at a fixed period after the termination of the war with France.

"Resolved unanimously—That the Livery of London have repeatedly, by representations to the Hon. House of Commons, and otherwise, publicly declared their abhorrence of a system of taxation, so evidently partial, oppressive, and unconstitutional.

"Resolved unanimously—That the partiality and injustice of this Tax is manifest, because Income, which forms the basis of its assessments, is assumed as a criterion of Property; and Incomes of short duration, arising from temporary and fluctuating sources of personal industry, are assessed in equal proportion with those derived from certain and permanent property.

"Resolved unanimously—That the preceding considerations would of themselves form an insuperable objection to this system of taxation; but these constitute only a small part of the grievances of which we complain, compared with the arbitrary, inquisitorial, and unconstitutional powers vested in the Commissioners, and the endless and vexatious assessments and sur-

* I suppose this is *Minim's* meaning, and that he would have said Shinke, not Tunke.

† Bini wurste.

charges with which we are harassed by swarms of interested Surveyors, Assessors and Inspectors.

"Resolved unanimously—That, under the arbitrary and inquisitorial authority of these Commissioners, persons are compelled to submit to humiliating and vexatious disclosures, subversive of every principle of freedom, and incompatible with the rights of Englishmen; and, even after such degrading submission, the Commissioners, not unfrequently, confirm their own arbitrary assessments, in direct opposition to statements produced, and offered to be verified upon oath; against which assessments they have neither remedy nor appeal in law or equity; and, under these circumstances, it must be obvious, that persons in an insolvent state, in order to support a declining credit, must make undue returns, and submit to unjust assessments, rather than encounter such an inquisition.

"Resolved unanimously—That the instances of vexation, oppression, and injustice, resulting from this system, are not temporary, nor occasional—not the cases of a few victims, nor evils occurring but once to the same individual; the horrible system pervades every corner of the kingdom, and every man is, by turns, harassed and oppressed by it; an active and arbitrary Inquisition, with it numerous agents, are continually watching over the progressive industry of all his Majesty's subjects; nor can the unfortunate sufferer calculate upon any termination of his oppressions, for one unequal contest with these Inquisitors is scarcely ended, but the same scene is again renewed.

"Resolved unanimously—That these evils are inherent in the very principle of the Tax, and not to be remedied by any modification; and, however it may have been borne under the circumstances which gave colour to its introduction, now that those circumstances have ceased, and after the accumulated evils resulting from it have been so grievously felt, the renewal of this obnoxious Tax would be altogether impolitic and impracticable, especially at a time when the people are anxiously expecting a diminution of their burthens, and a reformation and retrenchment in the public expenditure.

"Resolved unanimously—That a Petition be presented to the Hon. House of Commons, humbly praying them to take these matters into their serious consideration, and to reject any proposition that may be made for the continuance, or renewal, under any modification, of the said grievous and oppressive Tax.

"Resolved unanimously—That the Representatives for this City in Parliament be, and are hereby instructed, to support the prayer of the said Petition.

"Resolved unanimously—That the Thanks of this Common Hall be given to Robert Waithman, Esq. for the zeal and ability with which he has brought forward and conducted the business of this day, as well as for his conduct in having brought this subject under the consideration of the Court of Common Council, and for his indefatigable exertions upon that, and all other occasions, where the rights and interests of his Fellow-citizens are concerned.

"Resolved unanimously—That the Thanks of this Common Hall be given to Samuel Favell, Esq. for his able and judicious conduct in seconding the business of this day, as well as for his exertions upon other occasions.

"Resolved unanimously—That the Thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, for his readiness in calling this Common Hall, and for his impartiality in presiding over the debates of this day."

FINE ARTS.

On the 10th instant, being the 46th Anniversary of the Institution of the Royal Academy of Arts, a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at Somerset House, when the following distribution of Premiums took place, viz.—

To Mr. G. Hayter, for a Drawing from the Living Model—the Silver Medal.

To Mr. John Goldicutt, for an Architectural Drawing—the Silver Medal.

To Mr. C. R. Leslie, for the best Drawing from the Antique—the Silver Medal.

To Mr. R. J. Wyatt, for the best Model from the Antique—the Silver Medal.

The General Assembly afterwards proceeded to elect and appoint Officers for the ensuing year, when

Benjamin West, Esq. was unanimously re-chosen President.

New Council—W. Theed, G. Dawe, W. R. Bigg, and T. Stothard, Esqrs.

Old Council—H. Bone, P. Reinagle, H. Thomson, and T. Lawrence, Esqrs.

Visitors—G. Dawe, T. Phillips, M. A. Shee, W. Theed, and C. Rossi, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected—G. Dance and J. Farington.

MR. CURRAN'S LETTER.—FRANCE—IRELAND.

[FURTHER EXTRACTS.]

"The thermometer has been higher here lately than at any former time. Close dirty streets, stewing play-houses, and a burning sun, have, perhaps, naturally enough completed the extreme depression of my spirits, and made me fit for nothing. I endeavour to dissipate by wasting myself upon spectacles, but it wont do.

"This day I thought to look for something gay in the catacombs. It seems all Paris stands upon a vaulted quarry, out of which the stone to build it has been taken, and it is not very rare to see an entire house sink down to its original home and disappear. Part of this excavation has been filled up as a residence in remainder to the grave.

"We went down, I think, 70 steps, and traversed more than half a mile by torch-light, or rather by taper light, and we beheld more than two millions three hundred thousand fragments of what once was life. They amount to four times the present population of Paris. The bones were very carefully built up, and at intervals were studded with projecting rows of skulls, with mottos occasionally written in Latin or French. It was a sort of caravan, mostly women. One of them asked me to translate one of those, it was, I think, *et in nihilum revertitur quod ex nihilo fuit*. I asked whether it gave her a sentiment of grief, or fear, or hope? She asked me what room I could see for hope in a parcel of empty skulls? 'for that reason, Madame, and because you know they cannot be filled with grief or fear, for all subject of either is past.' She replied, '*oui, et cependant c'est jolie.*' I could not guess to what she applied the epithet, so I raised the taper to her face, which I had not looked at before, and had it been any thing but the mirror of death, I should have thought she had looked in it, and applied the one reflection to the other, so perfectly unimpressed was her countenance. It did not raise her in my mind, though she was not ill-looking, and when I met her above ground, after our resurrection, she appeared fit enough for the drawing-rooms of the world, though not for the under cellar.

"I don't remember ever to have had my mind compressed into so narrow a space; so many human beings, so many actors, so many sufferers, so various in rank, so equalized in the grave. When I stared at the congregation, I could not distinguish what head had raved, or reasoned, or hoped, or burned. I looked for thought, I looked for dimples; I asked, whither is all gone? Did wisdom never flow from your lips, nor affection hang upon them? And, if both, or either, which was the most exalting—which the most fascinating? All silent—they left

me to answer for them, 'so shall the fairest face appear.' I was full of the subject.

"In the evening I went to distract at the Comedy of the *Misanthrope*, the best of Moliere. The severe affection of *Alceste*, and the heartless coquetry of *Celimene*, were excellently done. It is not only Tragedy that weeps—Golgotha was still an incubus upon me."

"This sad subject naturally turns me to another that makes me suspect that my contempt of this world is not quite sincere—I mean the poor extravasated Irish that I meet here; I meet their ghosts as I pass, and review them as Æneas did, *quos abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo*, how can I affect to despise a scene where my heart bleeds for every sufferer? I wish to disperse my feelings as a Citizen of the World, and break my own monopoly of them, but they all come back to our unhappy country; one of the most happy touches of the prince of sensitive poets is where he tinges the wanderings of Dido with patriotism—

"——— *Sæpe longum incomitata videtur*
Ire viam, et Tyrios deserta quærere terrâ."

"But, with respect to our poor exiles, the sympathy is most sincere, as well as ardent. I had hopes that England might let them back. The season and the power of mischief is long past; the number is almost too small to do credit to the mercy that casts a look upon them: but they are destined to give their last recollection of the green fields they are never to behold on a foreign death-bed, and to lose the sad delight of fancied visits to them in a distant grave. *Yet, is not even that exile better than the destiny of an outlaw at home?*—Yet, to that are we now reduced. You cannot believe the transition from sympathy to detestation, which we have excited in England—an hatred of our barbarism—a contempt of our strength, which has acted only upon and against ourselves. I see only one way of getting out. If Ireland had the modesty and firmness to disclaim all that had been done and said in her name, perhaps it might have some effect in bringing back our friends and disarming our enemies. I think the people of sense and property, who were really scared away, ought to present a petition, signed only by their own class. It ought to disavow all that could truly be denied; it ought to impeach no one. I don't myself impute guilt of intention to those who even have stabbed the hopes and character of Ireland to the heart—innocence ought to plead for mistake.—Besides, there should be no tone of crimination—no air of King's evidence. When I look back on what the Board has done, my shame and surprise are still increased." * * * * * * * *
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"And see the fruits of all this—no Member of either House would venture to stir our question, and, instead, of an extension of Civil Rights, we get the Insurrection Act passed without opposition, and enabling Government, by a single dash of the pen, to put Ireland in a state such as the world never saw. All our affectation was for our beloved Prelates, and our dear Poor Orders; and upon these, peculiarly, have we pulled down these horrors. A man of property may roll home drunk in his chariot, and laugh at the curfew; but what shelter has the poor man to save him from such a pitiless storm? But the gangrene sinks still deeper—the spirit of the Government springs directly from that of the law. Now, this last act can be justified on no human ground, except that the Nation is peopled by monsters that must be ruled like beasts. See here the deplorable state of our poorer people. God help them! they are always ultimately the sufferers—they are the cards with which gambling adventurers play; they never fail to be soiled during the game, and after it to be flung into the fire. No matter what abuse may be committed in the exercise of such an Act. What appeal can we make?—what a number of men have we among us, who will look to fortune and power, by sharpening its edge?—To what a frightful union between the Judicial and Executive must it lead!—an union peculiarly formidable in a Province, and, at a time when sayings of our Courts, whether truly or falsely, are circulated, stating, that our People are so ferociated that civil justice will no longer do! No doubt the public mind has been not a little disturbed. And what else could be expected from the perpetual efforts to irritate? But I should never have done if I thought to have exhausted this killing subject. I shall, for the present, only add a word. England must know that war (and very soon) is possible; that her darling France, by nature her enemy, and the Peninsula, *and the Continent too, may join with America in defending their maritime rights against her maritime claims. It would be no new alliance.* If she has common sense, she must see that justice and prudence would recommend to her *not to make the straight waistcoat the common dress of Ireland for ever.* But, such an hope would surely be much ripened, if we made her understand, that what has been done and said of late is not to be attributed to the honest or thinking class of our people, that we have not the remotest idea of severing the connexion, or attacking her religion. Of this, perhaps, more hereafter."

LAW.

SHERIFF'S COURT.

Proceedings before Jury on Writ of Enquiry into Damages.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY *v.* SIR HENRY MILDMAY, BART.

The Earl of Roseberry having brought an action against Sir Henry Mildmay, for criminal conversation with his wife, in which he laid the damages at 30,000*l.* judgment had been allowed to go by default, whereupon the Writ of Enquiry into the damages sustained by the plaintiff, in consequence of which they were now assembled, had been issued.

The Attorney-General said, the plaintiff was a Noble Earl, of ancient creation, in the northern part of the island. He was the best of husbands, the most tender of parents, and his conduct was marked by the most affectionate attention. His Lordship married in 1808, Miss Bouverie, then 18 years of age, and in possession of every female grace which could captivate a husband. She was one of the daughters of a man of the most amiable and philanthropical character. Who of them had not heard of Mr. Bouverie, the brother of the Earl of Radnor? This lady had been educated in a manner the most exemplary, and she was distinguished, admired, and looked up to by every one to whom she was known, as a pattern of education and propriety of behaviour. He had said this lady was one of Mr. Bouverie's daughters. Who were the others? Another of them was married to the defendant, Sir H. Mildmay. She bore him a son, and he had the misfortune to become a widower. He lost this lady in 1810. In this case he had not alone committed adultery; he had not alone been guilty of seduction; he had not alone violated all the ties of friendship and hospitality; he had added to all these crimes that of multiplied incest. After the death of Lady Mildmay, when he seemed to be plunged in affliction for the death of the mother of his infant son, where was he to seek for consolation, but in the family of his friends? He found all these consolations in the family of Lord Roseberry. After the period which he passed in the family of Lord Roseberry was over, and on his re

appearance in the world, Sir Henry Mildmay had expressed his highest sense of the attentions which had been paid to him. Lord Roseberry was living all this time in the most happy state which could be enjoyed by man; he was in possession of a lady who returned his affection, and displayed all the attention and duty which could be expected in a mother and a wife. In March of the present year, the late Lord Roseberry was taken ill, and it became necessary for his son to visit his father. Before the son could reach his father he was no more. Lady Roseberry was left behind with the Countess Dowager of Roseberry. The defendant availed himself of this opportunity of ingratiating himself with this lady, and of alienating her affections from her husband. Very soon after this journey the Earl of Roseberry was sensible of a difference in the conduct of Lady Roseberry towards him. Lord Roseberry remonstrated with Sir Henry. He desired him to discontinue the visits which he made very frequently in the morning, when he Lord Roseberry was not at home. The venerable father of Lady Roseberry had a conversation also with him on the impropriety of breaking in on the comforts of this domestic circle. The use which he made of it was to write a letter, couched in the most disgusting terms, offering to elope with her, and to roam the world with her. In the latter end of June or July, Lord Roseberry left England, and returned to his seat near Edinburgh. The family consisted of Lord and Lady Roseberry, the Countess Dowager of Roseberry, Mr. Bouverie, and the mother of Lady Roseberry. In October, Sir Henry Mildmay went down to Scotland also. How did he go? Did he travel like a man of respectable family and large fortune? He travelled under the assumed name of Colonel de Grey, of the Foot Guards, and in this disguise found his way to an Inn near Lord Roseberry's. He had been admonished by Lord Roseberry not to pursue this course farther. He engaged a waterman to attend him, he allowed his beard to grow, and he was in the practice of going out, disguised in a sailor's dress, on some errand or other every evening. At Lord Roseberry's house, the ladies were in the habit of withdrawing sometime after dinner, and the gentlemen joined them in the evening in the drawing-room. On these occasions it was observed that Lady Roseberry did not continue in the company of the Countess Dowager and her mother, but retired to her own room; that her behaviour became quite altered, and this led to suspicions that things were not so well as they ought to have been, and that Sir Henry Mildmay must be in the neighbourhood. This suspicion led Mr. Primrose, the brother of the plaintiff, to proceed to the room of Lady Roseberry, and on being denied admittance to attempt forcing the door. The door was however opened by Lady Roseberry, and in that room was found Sir Henry Mildmay in disguise, and with a brace of loaded pistols before him. And the scene ended by this person of high honour issuing a peremptory order to Sir Henry Mildmay to leave the house clandestinely in the way he entered it, namely by making his way through a window. Lady Roseberry could not with propriety be turned out also, so she remained there all the night; and she was pressed to go to her father's; but she soon after joined Sir Henry Mildmay, whose partner she was fated to be, on the Continent. Having thus detailed this case in a plain matter of fact way, because a case like this, involving a breach of the duties of friendship, hospitality, and relationship, required no observations, he would now ask what could be said of this case of complicated guilt? From him they should hear nothing but what was the language of the defendant himself. Sir Henry Mildmay should himself tell them what his views were in perpetuating this guilt; for after the disclosure of this scene there could be no longer a doubt that he was guilty; and if any doubt could for a moment still be entertained, all such doubt was removed, on the desk of Lady Roseberry having been broken open, and the letters addressed by Sir Henry to this unhappy Lady having been there found. In No. 2, of these letters, Sir Henry Mildmay thus expressed himself:—"I who in pride of family will yield to no man, I who have ambition to attempt every thing, I am willing to leave family, country, and connections for your sake, and with you to roam the world, happy in the sacrifice of all which makes me blessed by the possession of you." The terms in which he addressed her on another occasion were these:—"Dearest dear, loveliest of earthly beings, were any thing wanting to increase the misery in which my unhappy heart is plunged, it is the approaching loss of the object of my warmest adoration. The English language is not rich enough to express the ardour of my love. You alone are the object of my sleeping and waking thoughts. I have been in love before, at least I fancied so, but I never felt its all conquering power till now." No, (said Sir W. Garrow) not though he had been married to the sister of this Lady and had had a son by her, and though this Lady was the mother of four children, two boys and two girls, whom, by the schemes he was laying, he was endeavouring to deprive of a mother's protection and care. He then went on to say that he did not like the letter after he had written it; that it did not express one tenth part of what he had to say; that if he had one kiss from his love it would fare well with his heart, and he at last asks, "Are we to blame if our hearts have discovered a similitude to each other?" When was this blessed discovery made? During that period which ought to have been particularly sacred against the intrusion of such sentiments—when her husband was visiting the death-bed of his father. In the next letter he told her that he had reopened his angel's note; how different the expression of her note was from that of his behaviour last night, how cold and unlike his Harriet, "O Harriet you are the only creature on earth to make me think existence worth the possessing. Harriet, my soul's possession, I feel like a child that has lost its parents. Such another night, kingdoms should not buy, as the last, after you were gone. You once smiled when I spoke to you—God, what I felt then! I thought you did me justice." It would seem by the terms of the first of these letters, and perhaps also by the second, that he had not yet succeeded in obtaining possession of her person. A suspicion naturally arose from something stated in these letters, that some reconcilement with another Lady, by exciting a jealousy in Lady Roseberry, led to his possession of her. In a future letter he begins by exclaiming, "O, my life, my love, to what has an unfortunate attachment reduced us both! God of Heaven, is it possible! and has my Harriet suffered for her attachment to one so unworthy of her, but one who, among all his faults, will never be charged of infidelity to her. Whatever distance shall be interposed between us, you will ever be present in my thoughts. You desire my secrecy?" Secrecy! About what? It would seem then that the guilt had already been committed, and that the Lady had now begun to feel the reproaches and accusations of her own conscience. "Great God! can you suppose me so depraved? Can you suppose me so lost to all gratitude towards her who has made such sacrifices to me, as to betray her? By all our loves I implore you—by every happy moment we have passed in each others arms—by every burning kiss which I have ever implanted on your heavenly lips—contrive to avert this blow. Go, my love, to the Opera; go any where; and don't hang your lovely head." The rest of the passage was thus:—"I cannot conceive the idea of losing my Harriet, and seeing her in the arms of another, without feeling an agony which is undescribable. Am I to lose you? Am I to imbibe your heavenly breath no more? Am I to be denied a farewell kiss? And have I sunk in extasy on your heart for the last time? Am I to be denied a last and farewell kiss? Am I to lose you for ever, and with you every thing which can render life agreeable to me? If I am to lose you, then farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell for ever fear! There is nothing which I will not attempt—no mean disguise which I will not assume—no desperate hazard to which I am not ready to expose myself for the sake of passing my life near you—in your heart I know I shall always be. Friday—" (after this word there were three marks of admiration)—"that will always be a dreadful sounding day to me—O no, no, no! Let what will occur, I shall always reflect with delight that I have been blessed with the love and affection of you. If I lose you, I will leave my country for ever—you are the only tie which binds me to it. I will leave it, but in what way, Heaven, who will be my conductor, only knows. Reflect, angelic creature, that we may never meet more—think that your smile, when your Harry last met you, may be soon turned to a tear

on his grave. Throw all the blame on me—but do not think ill of me, Harriet—no, darling angel, dearest of human beings, I would sacrifice every thing for your sake . . . . . I am mad—raving mad. What! shall I lose my Harriet?—For the sake of Lord Roseberry, I will readily part with my character; he will be satisfied when I have left England. Adieu, my Harriet! Affect a gaiety, if you have it not. Once more, adieu! Let me but live in your arms."—The next letter said, "I have spoken to your father concerning the imprudence of Roseberry, whose behaviour towards me must be remarked by the world. I have seen him again this morning—Good God, what a scene it was! Shall I never more touch thy angel lips—shall I never more exchange vows with my Harriet?—Nothing shall prevent me: our hearts will be ever joined, though we can scarce trust our persons.—You dared not deny to your father that the subject of our conversations have not always been innocent. What a wretched man am I, who have involved in unhappiness a heavenly creature, whose one smile is worth all the world besides; but I have been blessed in being beloved by my Harriet. Dearest of women, you can judge by your own feelings what mine are, that I am able to pronounce these talismanic words, I have loved, and loved unhappily, but not the less perseveringly—

'Though boundless waves and oceans roll between my love and me,
'They never, never shall divide my heart and soul from thee.'

"Can we not contrive some means of meeting? Be at Kennedy's, or some other place where I may see you. Saturday, the day which I marked happy in the Calendar, to turn out so gloomy and so melancholy! I may well say with Johnson, let no man hereafter say to himself, this day will I devote to happiness. My Harriet's sylph-like image is always present to me—it directs all my actions, and governs all my thoughts. My dear Harriet, throw all the blame on me—with your father I took it all on myself. Oh! in my hours of solitude, and they are many, how often do I ask myself why do I love? but my heart reproaches the slowness of my head, and brings to my recollection your many virtues, your myriads of charms. Every sigh, every tear of my Harriet, is embalmed in my heart, which loves you, by Heaven, beyond what all the world besides, with all their loves united can ever adore again. Kiss all your dear children from me, and see as much of Harry as you can. Let me have the satisfaction of knowing that he is with you. For our loves' sake, let me hear from you. That little squeeze by the finger which you gave me last night, was worth all the delights of the evening. Did you know the pleasure the sight of you gives the most unhappy of men, you would give me a moment's bliss, by letting me see you every day in the Park. Your affectionate H."—The next letter began thus:—"Goddess of my idolatry, my charming Harriet, I shall go to the Panorama a quarter before three o'clock, where I shall wait till I see you. I was glad you were not last night at the supper—what should you do among the Bluchers? I was not at the Masquerade—why should I go where my Harriet is not? I think my angel does love me. But oh, separation! the bare idea is worse than death. I am not, it seems, allowed to hand you to your carriage. I can bear it no longer, and though I would not hurt one hair of his head; but I had rather he would take my life than go on as I do now. If it is not possible for me to see my Harriet, I should rejoice if death would release me. Be not alarmed, my Harriet, nothing shall make me injure him. My Harriet, if you will take the resolute determination, and throw yourself into your Harry's arms, I should have something to bind me to the world, but now I am dreary, desolate, and alone. I see no possibility of our intercourse not being cut off during your stay.—After Roseberry has had his satisfaction, he must alter his conduct towards me. I will bear any thing if I am allowed to see you, otherwise I cannot endure his conduct; but he shall not have to say, if in our friendship we have been unfortunate, but that he has met with a *generous* enemy,—if, indeed, he can call me enemy—*God knows I am not!* Oh! how long the hours till three o'clock will seem—like a love-sick boy I languish for the hour of our meeting," &c. In his next note he said, "I must see you somewhere alone, where we may give way to our feelings before you go." He then described the plans which he had formed of seeing Lady R. in Scotland, one of which he afterwards carried into effect "O, Harriet, can you go? I have formed a thousand romantic schemes of seeing you before you go; I have enlisted as a soldier, I have driven cattle, &c.: all idle day dreams utterly impracticable." There then followed a passage (said the Attorney-General) of such downright obscenity and filth, that it could hardly be supposed that a Gentleman could have addressed to a Lady of any consideration, even though he had debauched her person. "For some time past I have worn yellow garters, but I have at last locked them up, lest Hulse (his valet) should see them, and wonder where I met with them." He then apostrophised the garters thus:—"Dear little things, which have remained for hours at a time twined round my Harriet's thighs—enchanting idea!" The Attorney-General then apologised for the time he had consumed. The letters which they had heard would be the principal evidence for his client. If the law of England, instead of considering adultery as a civil injury, had inflicted on it the highest punishment known to our criminal law, the sentence which the defendant deserved, and which in that case would have been passed on him, would fall short in its effects on any mind not entirely seared and callous, of that which must have been produced by the words with which the partner of the defendant's crime upbraided him. "O Mildmay, you found me innocent! Remember what I was!" The condition to which the guilt of this man had reduced Lord Roseberry was only to be imagined by those who had experienced the loss of a wife. Such a loss to a man, however surrounded by friends, by kindred, by all the pleasures of the world, was the acme of human misery; but how much was the misery of losing a wife by death below that of reflecting that she was not only lost but wretched; that her children were not only deprived of a mother's care, but shared a mother's infamy. The Jury were to tell British society, whether or no it was to be liable, in future, to such inroads on all that was sacred in its institutions, and they would answer well or ill by giving or not giving 30,000*l.* as damages in the atrocious case before them.

Other letters of Sir H. Mildmay were then produced: they contained nothing material in addition to those passages which we have inserted in the speech of the Attorney-General, with the exception of a letter to Lady Roseberry, after she had left London, in which he describes his affliction at her absence, and says that he had left his hair to twist and curl as it would, and utterly neglected his dress; he compares himself to Childe Harolde, &c. This letter began thus:—"Angel of Light! what a haven of bliss has my Love condensed in one small letter, but it was not without a mixture of pain, for she is unhappy, &c. We had a dreadful scene in the House of Commons with poor C. I cannot but think him innocent."—Witnesses were then called.

Lord Folkstone said he was acquainted with Lady Roseberry the greatest part of her life: from every observation witness made, from a frequent intercourse, no individuals could have lived happier than Lord and Lady Roseberry. Lady R. seemed to be very fond of her children. Witness had married Sir H. Mildmay's sister; could not say of his own knowledge that Sir H. was embarrassed, although he believed the case to be so.

The Solicitor-General, whose son married a sister of Lord Roseberry, gave evidence to the same effect.

Lord Binning said that the conduct of Lord R. to his Lady was always excessively kind. The kindness was reciprocal. Lady R. was very fond of her children.

The Honourable Mr. Primrose, brother to the plaintiff, had passed much time with them, and never saw two people who seemed to live happier together than Lord and Lady Roseberry. On the Saturday, when the discovery was made, Lord and Lady Roseberry, the Countess Dowager, and witness, dined together *en famille* about six o'clock. As soon as dinner was over, Lady Roseberry and the Countess Dowager retired. In about ten minutes the Countess Dowager returned and stated certain things which immediately led witness to summon some of his Lordship's servants. Having called toge-

ther three persons, he sent some of them outside of the castle to keep watch, while he and two others proceeded towards Lady Roseberry's chamber. He tried two of the doors which led to the chamber, but found them locked. On coming to the third and finding it unlocked with the key on the outside, and having locked it, he went to the other door where the servants were, and attempted to break it open. The door being of oak resisted their blows for some time, but at length it was opened by Lady Roseberry. Sir H. Mildmay was then discovered by the side of the bed which stood fronting a window that opened upon a terrace. The curtains of the bed were not drawn. Sir H. Mildmay was dressed in a large blue jacket and trowsers and a red waistcoat, which was covered with small pearl buttons. His beard was much grown, and his appearance altogether so disguised, that witness was obliged to look twice before he recognised him. Sir Harry came forward; witness did not see any thing at the time in his hand—one of them, the witness could not say which, then said, "we are in your power." Lady Roseberry then in an entreating tone called upon witness not to challenge Sir Harry. She exclaimed passionately "promise me not to challenge him," which witness did very solemnly, telling her that neither he or any person connected with him over whom he had any influence should take such a step. Sir Harry Mildmay or Lady R. then said, "no person but those present need know any thing of this;" witness said this could not be. Sir H. Mildmay now asked what was to be done? witness said, "I don't know of any other course to be taken, than for you to quit the house." Sir H. asked what was to become of Lady R.? witness replied, "the only question is, whether she is to quit the house this night or to-morrow morning." Witness added, that after all that had happened, he was anxious that no further exposure should take place. He also stated, that the house was surrounded, but that he would secure to Sir H. a safe exit. Sir H. upon this said, "I fancy that no person can say, that a person in my situation cannot command a safe exit." He then held out his hand, in which witness for the first time beheld a pistol.—Witness said it would be best that he should leave the house quietly, as he must feel conscious he was bound to go. Lady R. was now clinging to Sir H. while he was swinging his pistol about in all directions. Witness told him he did not seem to know what he was about, and added, "You had better deliver that pistol to me." Sir H. after some time, said he would deliver it up, but upon condition that it should be returned to him on his quitting the house. Witness acceded to this, and Sir H. delivered the pistol, saying, "be careful how you use it, for it is cocked and loaded." Lady Roseberry now expressed a desire to see her Lord, but witness said this could not be till his Lordship's permission was obtained, and this he should not ask till Sir H. Mildmay was out of the house. Witness here said he had forgotten to state, that about ten minutes after he had got admission to the room, Lady Roseberry shewed symptoms of going into hysterics, and witness procured her some salvolatile, for which Sir Harry Mildmay called in great agitation.—After this Sir Harry Mildmay walked about in great distress; he said he had nothing to say for himself. Witness finding him delay so long, said, "Really, Sir H. you must go." In ten minutes afterwards Sir H. said, "I will never leave her; you shall not tear me from her!" Witness being now quite out of patience, called to Stretch, Lord R.'s servant, who stood by him, to open the window, which he was proceeding to do, when Sir H. produced a second pistol. Witness entreated him to be calm; he assured him he meant him no harm, but he must insist upon his going out of the house. He wished him to go quietly, and had no desire to wound his feelings unnecessarily. Sir H. now begged leave to be left alone with Lady R. for a minute. Witness said he would grant this request, upon condition of his giving up his second pistol. Sir H. now looked towards him with a feeling of surprize, and exclaimed, "Do you think then that I would do her (Lady R.) any harm?" Witness answered, "No, I do not; but I should not feel myself justified in leaving you together with that pistol." Sir H. gave it up upon the same condition as the former. Witness having acceded to this condition, Sir H. delivered it into his hand, saying, as he did when he gave up the former one, "it is cocked and loaded." Witness then left them. On going out Sir H. said, "I desire that no improper conclusion be drawn from our being thus left alone." Witness said with a smile, "Certainly not." On going into the adjoining dressing-room, witness unprimed the pistols and poured water into the pans. In a minute he went back, and again urged Sir H. to go, saying, that he would send his brother's servant, with him, to prevent interruption. As he was preparing to go, Lady R. jumped up and exclaimed, "I will see my children; nobody shall prevent me!" Witness flew before her as she was attempting to leave the apartment, and, with gentle violence, detained her, saying, he could not permit her to go to the children without his brother's leave, and repeating he would not ask that leave till Sir Harry Mildmay was gone. Sir H. here said, "he can do no otherwise." Witness now turned to Sir H. once more, and said peremptorily, "go, Sir Harry, I entreat you to go through the window by which you entered." Sir H. who still seemed unwilling to depart, at length threw himself on his knees before Lady R. and embracing her knees, exclaimed, "Will you forgive me?" Although witness could not hear the answer given by Lady R. he understood her to give an answer in the affirmative. Sir H. then rose and prepared to go. He took up a large plaid cloth from some part of the room, and wrapped it round his person with the greatest deliberation and composure. To Stretch, Lord R.'s servant, who assisted him, he said, "thank you, Stretch." He then asked for his pistols, putting them under his jacket, he ran to the window and jumped out. Witness then adverted to the period when he first entered the room; he said, he then remarked, that a neckerchief which Lady Roseberry had worn round her neck at dinner, was off. She had on a coloured silk gown, which was not cut quite so low in the bosom as the fashion sanctioned; one corner of this, he observed, had become unpinned, but still her Ladyship's bosom was not indecently exposed. On looking to the bed, he perceived that the centre of it was much indented. The carpet of the room, too, which was nailed down immediately opposite this place, was much rumpled and stretched, as if pushed against by feet; it was also dirty, as if it had been so pushed with muddy shoes. He felt it necessary to state, that he perceived the carpet in a muddy state on the Thursday and Wednesday before.—He recollected Lady Roseberry saying to Sir Harry Mildmay in reproachful tones, "You found me innocent, oh! remember what I was!" These were the only words of reproach he heard her Ladyship use. Sir Harry, in the early part of the scene, said, in a speech of considerable length, which he made in defence of Lady R. and in reprobation of himself, "Can you look upon her and not relent." Lord Roseberry did not see Lady Roseberry afterwards. Lady Roseberry had a desk which she usually carried with her when she travelled. From this witness saw Lord R. take a letter, which on reading, he seemed much affected. He then delivered the desk into witness's possession. On examination, the letters produced and read that day were found. Lady R. left the house early on Sunday morning.

Cross-examined by Mr. Brougham—Previous to the Tuesday on which he had received private information of Lady Roseberry's conduct, he was entirely ignorant of any criminal intercourse between her Ladyship and that Gentleman. When he ordered Sir Harry to go out of the window, he did not do so with the view of degrading him—he considered Sir Harry Mildmay as degraded from the situation in which he then stood. Sir Henry Mildmay he had heard was not in very flourishing circumstances at present. During the life of his mother he was not independent; at her Ladyship's death, however, he would come in for a large property.

Mr. Benjamin Stone proved the departure of Sir Harry Mildmay and Lady Roseberry, under the name of Lady Mildmay, for the Continent, on the 16th of November: they had a great deal of luggage with them.

Mr. BROUGHAM said, though he stood there outwardly as the advocate for the defendant, he begged they would dismiss from their minds any suspicion that he was about to offer a captious or a cavilling defence. No such thing; such an intention was the farthest from his purpose. He had the happi-

ness, if at that moment he might call it a happiness, to be acquainted not with one only of the three noble houses whose character and feelings and interests were mingled in the present cause, but with all; he might boast the honour of a close intimacy with all of them, and he was proud to acknowledge the profound esteem he felt for all: indeed he now found himself in the distracting predicament, that he knew not for which of them his esteem and his attachment were the greatest. In consequence of that situation, however, in which he stood, and of those feelings which such a situation might naturally be expected to create, he was the more anxious to tender what little aid he could give to the Gentlemen of the Jury, in enabling them to deliver a verdict which might assuage as far as any verdict could assuage, the affliction and sorrow which had been produced by the melancholy transaction then before them. But if they guided themselves by all that had fallen from his Learned Friend, if they simply trusted to his inflamed and exaggerated statements, heightened by *all those powers of eloquence* which he so well knew how to employ, they would not satisfy the justice of the case, they would not render that service to all the branches of the three noble houses which was sought for, nor would they render that service to the noble client of his Learned Friend, which he knew he was alone desirous to obtain. Sir H. Mildmay entered so completely into the feelings of the noble plaintiff, that he desired they would give him no ambiguous compensation. While, however, they dealt out to the plaintiff those just but moderate damages which the nature of the case required, they were to guard against such heavy and excessive ones, as would carry misery and ruin into one branch of that great house, which would cut off its capital member, and drive him into hopeless exile from his country during the rest of his life. That was a proportion of punishment which he was sure the case itself did not demand, which no one could wish, and which he firmly believed not even the noble plaintiff himself desired. With regard to that noble plaintiff, his instructions bound up his hands, and he was forbidden to utter a word, to breathe a single syllable which might be construed into the slightest allusion to the conduct of Lord Roseberry. An advocate knew no feelings but those of his client, and therefore he was silent. Overcharged comments weakened more than they benefited a cause, though nothing was more common than for an advocate to fall into the error of pourtraying a present case, merely because it was a present one, as the most atrocious, the most dreadful, the most horrible, the most abominable that had ever before been known. Such indiscriminate appeals were most injurious, not only to the general but even to the individual interests of justice; and in the present case the exaggeration was most obvious. They had frequently heard, and those walls had frequently witnessed, cases of atrocity to which the present bore no resemblance. They had seen instances where an individual had devoted his whole life to the undoing of some unwary female, incapable at the same time of love, incapable of any passion but lust, gazing with libidinous eyes round the ornaments of society, and, satiated with indulgence, stinging into activity appetites dull from torpor; real spoilers of female innocence, who added to the zest of guilt the savage delight of triumphing with unmanly exultation over their victims. The records of that Court testified to another case, of a man who, for a wager, undertook to accomplish the ruin of a matron; he succeeded, and met the punishment he deserved. Thank God, such cases were, indeed, rare; but others were not, where the husband was related to the seducer by ties of blood, where the seducer himself was a married man, and thus guilty of a double adultery. Here there was no plighted faith, no blood-relationship, no attempt to palm upon the husband a spurious bastard issue. He begged he might not be misunderstood. He did not mean to deny, that because there were none of those aggravations, that therefore there was no guilt; he did not mean to deny that a crime was committed; the record proved the contrary; and if it did not, he should be ashamed if he attempted to delude their common sense by arguing that no criminality existed. But he would say, that when his Learned Friend extended to the offence of the defendant that extremity of censure which he had applied, and called for that severity of punishment, he performed the very worst service he could to the general cause of justice and morality. He appealed to the Jury whether the Attorney-General could have depicted the defendant's conduct in more vivid colours, whether he could have called down ampler damages, if he (Sir H. Mildmay) had stood before them *a hoary-headed adulterer*, practising upon the senses of his victim, allied to the husband by ties of blood, himself a married man, seeking to impose upon the injured party a spurious progeny, and not making the deluded woman even his mistress, but only the minister of his own unnatural and impotent lust. Was that, however, the case of the defendant? Was it not, on the contrary, the very reverse, and without one lineament of resemblance?—He wished, however, that the Jury would consider what damages such a case, if it came before them, would deserve, and deducting the difference from the damages now asked, assign it as an adequate compensation for the one then before them. They had heard the connection which subsisted between the parties; it was one, not of blood, but merely of marriage. The Attorney-General, however, characterised the crime of the defendant by the epithet of "multiplied incest," because Sir Henry Mildmay had been married to a sister of Lady Roseberry, while another sister was married to a brother of the defendant. How his Learned Friend, with his accustomed accuracy, came to make such an assertion, he knew not, but it did so happen there was no multiplied incest at all. Had Sir Henry Mildmay married one sister, and his brother another, and the defendant had seduced the wife of his brother, then indeed there would have been some room for such a phrase. But as to the question of incest itself, his Learned Friend could not but know, that if a man married his wife's sister after the death of his wife, no incest was committed. Men's feelings were not so repugnant to that species of relationship as to justify his Learned Friend's expressions, whatever technical and precise distinctions prevailed in the law with respect to it, by which marriages so contracted became null and void, if challenged. The very connexion, however, that subsisted between the defendant and Lady Roseberry, became the snare into which they both unhappily fell. When he lost his wife, an amiable and lovely woman, he sought consolation in the company of her sister, who bore a strong resemblance to his departed Lady, and it was not very unnatural, though much to be lamented, that love should have arisen out of such a case. It happened that Lady Roseberry loved her sister as ardently as her husband had done, and to console him for his loss became a melancholy satisfaction to her. Thus those two young persons, in the height of blood, had by degrees their feelings so excited, their fancies so exalted, that their judgment was laid asleep, and they knew not the awful precipice upon which they stood. He had a right to say their judgment was lulled asleep, for it was even so with Lord Roseberry himself, who was free from that greatest of all deluders, self-delusion, and confided in that relationship which had betrayed the defendant, and the unhappy Lady, his partner in the offence. They awoke at last from their trance, and if he were permitted, he could produce numberless letters and numerous witnesses which would prove the agony, the sorrow, the wretchedness which the conviction of their transgression had excited in their minds. He should be asked, perhaps, why, when they discovered their error, they did not at once come to the resolution of abandoning it; but that very remedy pre-supposed the offence. Happy had it been for them if any strong necessity, any over-ruling power had stepped in to check their mad, their infatuated career. He knew but one person in the world who could effectually have done so: but his hands were tied up, and he could not tell the Jury who that person was, because he was enjoined not to breathe even a whisper which might affect the conduct of the plaintiff. He could not tell them what effects might have followed from that interposition, if it had been exerted in 1813; what beneficial result might have ensued, if, instead of a conditional *veto*, a positive prohibition of intercourse between the defendant and Lady Roseberry had been pronounced; he deplored, without blaming, that such was not done; he was sorry, some such precautionary measures as were so wisely re-

sorted to between the Tuesday and the Saturday, had not been earlier employed; and they would have ensured success. He should not detain them however any longer: but only entreat them once more, as men of plain and ordinary understandings, not to separate without looking at the case calmly, dispassionately and impartially.—They would then be prepared to give such damages as would amply vindicate the character of Lord Roseberry, and that was all they had to consider, as men were in the habit of saying, or pretending to say, that in such cases it was not pecuniary damages they required, it was not their wife's dishonour which they wished to coin into money, but their own honour which they sought to justify.

Mr. BINCHAM, the Under Sheriff, then proceeded to sum up the charge to the Jury, which he did very summarily, when the Court was cleared of strangers, and the Jury, after deliberating for nearly two hours, delivered a verdict, through their Foreman, Sir Nathaniel Conant, for the plaintiff—Damages, *Fifteen Thousand Pounds.*

ADMIRALTY SESSIONS.

Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Admiralty Sessions commenced at Justice Hall, Old Bailey, before Sir Wm. SCOTT, Justice BAILEY, and Baron GRAHAM, for trial of offences committed on the High Seas, when *Wm. Donevan*, otherwise *Wm. Hamilton*, a natural born subject of this kingdom, was arraigned at the Bar, charged with having deserted from his Majesty's ship Proserpine, on board of which he was a seaman, and afterwards, on the capture of the said frigate by a French frigate, discovered to be in the service of the enemy. It appeared, that on the Proserpine being carried into the harbour of Toulon, Donevan wearing a French dress, accompanied by some Frenchmen, came on board the Proserpine, and wished to entice several of the witnesses to enter into the service of the enemy. Donevan's defence was, that he was forced into the service: and the Learned Judge, after having summed up the whole of the evidences, left the prisoner's case to the Jury, who returned their verdict, that Donevan was *Guilty—Death.*

Caeden, Panjang, Moodie, and *Sooloo*, received sentence of *Death*, for the wilful murder of Antonio de Costa, on board the Governor Raffels East Indiaman, on the High Seas, within, &c.—(They were executed on Thursday.)

POLICE.

MANSION-HOUSE.

Isaac Dupre was charged with assault and various acts of cruelty by his wife, a respectable woman in the fruit trade.—The prisoner, with his son, about eighteen years of age, had been dependant upon the labour of Mrs. Dupre for the last four years, during which the father has been drunk and idle, and was constantly joined by his son in abusing and threatening his mother. Prisoner was ordered to find bail, but being unable to do so, was committed.

GUILDHALL.

John Fenton was charged with an outrageous assault on his wife, in Feather-lane. Prisoner had broke her arm and four of her ribs. The woman now lies dangerously ill at the hospital. Remanded till her fate is known.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, as Mr. Nathaniel Crossland, of Sutton street, Clerkenwell, was returning from Highgate, near the house of Miss Mellon, the actress, he heard a noise as if of some one groaning, and went, with a view to give assistance, to a lane leading to a farm, where he found a man lying on the ground, apparently in a very distressed state. It was some time before he could obtain an answer that he could understand, but at length understood that the man had been robbed, wounded, ill treated, and left in the helpless state in which he was found; when just as he was about to raise the man up and give him assistance, another man rushed out from behind the hedge, knocked him down with a bludgeon, upon the man on the ground, who instantly got up, having been lying there, making a pitiable noise in order to excite the attention of the humane passengers, as a decoy to rob them. They stopped his mouth with a woollen cloth, and held him down while they robbed him of bank-notes to the amount of 13*l.* a watch, and other property. They then proceeded to endeavour to murder him by cutting his throat with a knife, but Mr. Crossland struggled hard, and having a very thick neckcloth on, prevented them from effectually succeeding, but his right hand was dreadfully cut, and his throat also wounded, though not dangerously. The villains then made off and escaped.

In an extract of a letter from Dublin, we learn, that last week a provoked husband, near Augher, in the county of Tyrone, cut, at one stroke, a fellow's head nearly off with an axe, whom he found in bed with his wife.

BIRTH.

A few days ago, at Chester, the wife of Mr. Charles Hall, of a daughter, being her first child, after being married upwards of fifteen years.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th inst. at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, third son of Lord Erskine, to Henrietta Eliza, only daughter of Henry Trail, Esq. of Lower Brook-street.

On the 10th inst. at Scarborough, Lieut.-Col. Ellice, of the 6th Dragoons, to Miss Courtney.

On the 12th inst. at St. Mary's, Islington, Charles Lloyd, Esq. of Islington Green, to Miss Orme, of the Terrace, Upper-street.

On Monday, at St. Mary-le-bone Church, Richard Paul Jodrell, jun. Esq. of Sall House, Norfolk, to Amelia Caroline King, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Kingston.

On the 13th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of the late Richard French, Esq. of Abbott's Hill, Derby, to Henry Smedley, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law.

On the 29th ult. at St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. G. A. Cope, of Chelsea, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of J. Lee, Esq. Vineyard, Hammersmith.

DEATHS.

On Friday week, at his house in Pimlico, Joseph Bramah, Esq. the eminent engineer and mechanist. He added many important inventions to our stock of useful Arts, and his private worth (says a Correspondent) will be remembered with deep regret.

On the 7th inst. at Pullin's-row, Islington, Mrs. Biggerstaff, aged 75 years.

On Sunday morning, in the 100th year of her age, at the house of her daughter, Lady Morres Gore, in Baker-street, Mrs. Elizabeth Gore, relict of the late Ralph Gore, Esq. of Barrowmount Co. of Kilkenny, Ireland: she was the daughter and heiress of Henry Gorges, Esq. of Londonderry.

On Sunday, in Berkeley-square, in her 69th year, Susan, Countess Dowager of Westmorland, eldest daughter of the late Cosmo George, Duke of Gordon, married secondly to the late Lieut.-Colonel John Woodford, of the Foot Guards.

On Sunday evening, at his house in Gloucester-place, Lord Coleraine. By his Lordship's decease, the notorious Colonel Hanger succeeds to the title and family estates.

On Tuesday se'nnight, at Clytha-House, in Monmouthshire, in the 53d year of his age, the late William Charles Yelverton, Viscount Avonmore. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son Barry John, now Lord Avonmore.

Lately, J. Taylor, Esq. of Moseley-hall, near Birmingham, and of the banking-house of Taylor, Hanbury, and Co. in Lombard-street. He is said to have left upwards of a million sterling!

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